

A  
L E T T E R

FROM THE

Lord Wi--t B---ke,

TO THE

Rev<sup>nd</sup> Dr. S---i, D--n of St. P-----k's:

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Written at *Calais*, on *Tuesday* the 29th of *March*,  
O. S. which was found with the Master of the  
Vessel who convey'd his Lordship thither  
from *Dover*.

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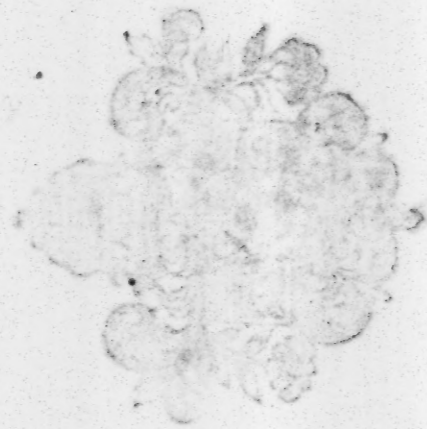
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L O N D O N:

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1050 Doc.

Agnes who conveyed his lordship further  
to herself and her husband and their  
children and heirs forever.

Recd Dr. 2-17 D. n of 26 b. 12:

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Lord Alton-Baker

FROM THE

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A

## LETTER

FROM THE

Lord Viscount Bolingbroke,

TO THE

Reverend Dr. S---t, Dean of St. P---k's, &amp;c.

S I R,



Believe that it will hardly be a Surprize to you, to receive a Letter from me at this Place, and at this Time; after the Knowledge which you have of my Private Affairs, and the Accounts which you cannot but receive, of the Dispositions of the present *English* Parliament, and the *English* People towards me; and indeed, I am to tell you, that all my Artifice was requisite to facilitate my Escape, under the happy Circumstances that I have contriv'd it: The little Fortune that remained to me, after the vast Profusion of my Estate, in supporting the Common Cause I have at last with secrecy and success, transfer'd to this Kingdom: And, after a Defence of my Friends in the House of LORDS, (worthy of *Cæsar* himself) after a sedate, intrepid Vindication of what we had done, in the justest Cause (tho' contrary to the ill-grounded Notions of some of my Country-men) when our King's ill Fate was irreverible; nor cou'd Right prevail; when Truth in blushes was forc'd to withdraw, and Justice was likely to become partial; when all my Efforts, though well concerted, and well exerted; when internal good Sense, and external Orations (believe me, Dean,) were of no Use; when I cou'd no longer bear the Inconstancy of an ingratul Kingdom; in haste I left the hated Land; and, by the help of a propitious Wind, and favourable Sea (more stable than my fondled *Britons*) in Peace and Safety I arriv'd on this propitious Coast; where tho' our Lawful Sovereign shou'd become a *meer Englishman*, (if possible) and neglect my Services, and despite my Endeavours, yet I can't surely fail of a favourable Reception from his *Gallian* Majesty; who, for so many Years, has preserved a constancy

constancy of Rewarding Merit, and Supporting even his *Unsuccessful* Friends. The Count, I hear, whom *Hockley* blest'd with an *English* Residence, has, at this Time, receiv'd *particular* Honours from his Great Master: What, therefore, may not I expect from the same Hand, who really Triumph'd over the Rival General. Welcome, therefore, thou happy *French Coasts*, and these blessed Regions, where *Merit* is Rewarded, and where the *Injur'd* may expect Relief. Long have I imitated, long envy'd your Measures; Long have I endeavoured to Naturalize them into an unwelcome, stubborn Soil; Ever then be Banish'd from my Thoughts, far Banish'd, the False Pleasures and Interests which I had conceiv'd of my Native Land; let me disown thee, O *England!* and be ashamed, that I even breathed so Base, so Treacherous an Air; and rouse ye up, ye languishing *Spirits*, thou dejected *Fortitude* of the *St. John's*; from *France* ye came; here's your Descent; Re-animate therefore, on your approach to your more natural Region; expel all mixture, and be all *French*, once more. I acknowledge, I acknowledge the Change; avant ev'ry Particle that's *British*, and kindly accept of this favourable Opportunity, that *fove* has put in your Power, ever hereafter to Act thyself, thy very self. Thy Injuries call for Revenge; here they are taught; they're practic'd here; thy *Injurers* are here hated; thy *Cause* therefore will be *their own*. Pursue then thy Journey; Plead at *Paris*, but stop not there; let thy Rhetorick transmit thee soon to *Bar-le-duc*, and carry along with thee, the welcome News that thy Sovereign's Removal is agreed on; firmly agreed on; but to *London*; to *London*, far from *Lorrain*. Happy Journey! I see; I see, my Rewards. The hated *Han*——'s Remov'd; Republicans disgrac'd; the *Church* flourishes; and I am B———ke again. And the *Lords*——the *Impeachment*——I beg your Pardon, good Mr. Dean, I protest that I am so possess'd with my Prophecy, and *New Accomplishment* of my *Old Scheme*, that I was lost in the pursuit of the pleasing Scene: And, now that I am Recover'd, let me entreat you, by the Sacred Ties of Friendship, and that strict Intercourse of the most important Secrets that are between us (not to mention many Things of a less obliging Nature) that you no longer put a constraint upon the honest Sentiments of your Mind; struggle no longer with a Perverse, and Factious People. Follow me, follow my Example, and remember that it is in my Power to reconcile your Conscience, and your Interest now. Consider therefore the Danger that you are in, the Discouragements you suffer, and the greater Hardships and Sufferings which may be your Lot, through False *Accusations*; or *Hatred* to your excellent Perfections; particularly, your honest, *Scriptural* and *English* Cause. Renounce your poor Preference, in an Apostate, abandon'd Island; remember the *Lawrels*, the *Pensions*, the *Present*s, the *Honours*, that *Lewis* confers on all the *Sons of Art*, or constant Defenders of the injur'd *Truth*; consider, how soon he himself, in pursuit of this Principle, will Settle our *Banish'd Monarch* on the Rightful Throne of his Ancestors; and then how *laden* do I behold you with Honours, how resplendent amongst the *highest* Sons of the Prophets, greater even than *Woolsey's* self; Must it not be so? It must. Fate can ne're permit so much Labour and Pains, so Holy Preaching, such studied Performances for the Prefs, so ardent Prayers, such strong Convictions on the Minds of *Gain-sayers*, such vast Sums of Money, and Artifice, and Industry.

Industry, for many Years, all to be lost. No! Let *England* be forever doom'd to Stupidity, and *Fated* to be impos'd on, ridicul'd, deceiv'd; *our* Principle is cultivated in an happier *Climate*; and *we* have (thank'd be our Stars) at a most lucky Juncture transplanted them *here*. *France* is *England* now: *Plombiers* shall mix her Waters with the *Thames*; and believe me, Dean, *it is in our Power*, and we will effect it. The last *Act* adorns the Stage; and *Bilbo* is the *Word*. Hasten then to your Happiness before it be too late; the Sun shall not see *July*, e're the Lawful Heir to his Crown, sees once more his Hereditary Realms. Can it be otherways? Did not we, for this End, Write down first, and then Displace his Enemies, from all their Posts? Didn't we for this End, first Disgrace the Conquering General, and then Disband his Army? Didn't we, for this End, make *France* Powerful by a Peace? And Rich by a Treaty of Commerce? Didn't we, to this End, lay up *our* own Fleet, and advise him to fit out *his*? Didn't we, for this End, break our Alliance? And didn't we consent and contrive that *Lewis* should enter immediately upon *his*? Isn't *Scotland* Brib'd, and Arm'd? Isn't *Faithful Ireland* ready? Are not our Friends in *England* numerous? And, have we not Generals, Lawyers, Farmers, *C——ns*, *L——ds*, and Lord knows what *Cl——y* to head us; to advise us; to embroil, when it's fit; to heal, when necessary: Nay, Dean, is not *Providence* for us? Can Scripture, can Divines err? Won't Justice take Place? The *Lord's Anointed* succeed? Or is all false? No! no! it must, it shall be done. I'll hast, to *Paris*, and I entreat your Pursuit after me. The *Copies* of those Papers which I gave you, either bury, or burn; I have transmitted the *Originals*, long since, to *Versailles*: Come naked; and depend upon all the Acts of Benevolence and Reward that I can command. In your Way (for I depend upon your Journey) call at Lord *H——'s*, confer with him, and communicate this. I can't think that he's in any Danger: And nothing but the dread of the hurried and hot Zeal of a Party, upon a sudden Change, could have oblig'd me to take the Measures that I have done. Laugh with his *L——p*, and *M——t P——r*, on my Elopement: *Surprize*, you know, is a great Article in my Life; and I must say at last, that I had stood it, but that I think Things are come to a Crisis, and the present violent Management in *London* will bear a good Representation on this Side of the Water. Prithee, Dean, laugh; I have *bitt* them, and have contriv'd Matter of Meriment for my Friend's, and *Diversion* for my self upon the Road. Lord, how *T——W——* will fret? What Anguish will *C——r* conceive? What Oratory is poor *H——x* baulk'd of? And how is *A——le* rob'd of the soft Dreams of Axes, and the *Dead-March*? Nay, what is worse, what a Disappointment is the Forfeiture of 800*l.* *per Annum*, which would have adorn'd Lord *N——m* with Two Horses more, and one *Black* more, had not I turned my *Terra-firma* into Bank Notes, and metamorphos'd them again into *French* Paper. And now that I am upon the Subject of *Banks*, I cannot omit my *Chagreen* at my hasty Flight, which oblig'd me to leave dear *B. P.* behind me; *Ph——ps* will give you Credit on Sight of this; Prithee Equip her at 500*l.* and bring her with thee; she has Wit, speaks the *Lingua*, and, if shewn to His Maj—— properly, may be admitted, and do us Service. As to our Friends in *London*, keep on the Reserve; you know your Men;

B

(Catherine)

(*Cetera Catus*) for I must e'en tell you, that our Strength is all here: *Edinburgh* the Way: The State of *Ireland* we expect from you; a few Men, and many Arms may be of Use in the *West*, in my Opinion; besides, I conceive now, that every *Irish Native* is *Two*; so great is the exasperation of that Nation upon the moderate Management of our present *Potent Rivals*. O! the Energy of *Cant*. Pray call at *Holbourn*; bid the Doctor remember the First of *May*. D--mn half a Year's Rent: What's that to the speedy possessing of the Pleasures of his Friends on this Side the Water. Tell him, here are *Thousands* for him; (a *Cap*, if he pleases;) and he knows what's to be in *Heaven* hereafter. Let him know that I'll strictly execute all his Commands; as I did that of the *Abjuration Oath*, at my first Landing, with a remarkable Degree of pleasant Success; for as I threw the cursed piece of Parchment into the Sea, with the Doctor's *Form*; (*Vade impia Charta, ad impiam Terram*) the Mariners laugh'd, and swore that that was a *Writ of Ease* to the *English Par---*t; upon which I fell into much Merriment, to consider what the Country *Fox-hunters* would do now for some Game? 'Tis a damn'd Disappointment, when the Hare was Set; nay, well-nigh Started, and the Dogs prepar'd for a *full Cry*; sure the old Hunts-men were deprived of much Joy, who had so many *new Sports-men* to *Enter*, and *Blood*. (High-Treason, Faith!) I cannot but stretch my Lungs, at the *Times* which I have put upon them. (*Matchiavel! Matchiavel!*) an *Antique*, dear D---r, by G---d. I'll hang, but he had been hang'd in my Case. And now do I imagine an *Hue and Cry* after me; and vast *Exposulations*, and *Interjections* on my Account, in and about *Westminster-Hall*. Damn him, was ever such a Part acted before? Neat, dress'd, smirking, smiling, gay, negligent; nay, eloquent, and quiet, and yet within Twenty-four Hours of *France*; and happy without a Foot of Land. Why the Devil didn't we confine him, or manacle and chain him to the B--- of L---, who has not the Heart to run for it? But it's all one; come, let's see, who's next *Oars*; and down comes St---d, P---r, R---n, H---t, O---d, A---r M---r, and his Wife, for ought I know; but believe me, Dean, this won't do. *Petty Larceny*! or High-Crimes and Misdemeanours! did ever Man hang for this? No! no! the Doctor for that; (but, Faith, I cannot tell, after all; let me see, I remember my Lord's Name, (*ay! more than once to some Papers*,) and I much fear, that that confounded Act, about the *Succession*, will make it all *Treason*. No, it can't; but then, dear D---n, what, (if in Addition to this) my scowring off, should so Alarm the Nation, that they will conclude 'em all as Guilty as I: Should not I, in Honour, go back, and cry, a Bite? No, Gentlemen. No, Faith: On second Thoughts, let Matters rubb; every Man must answer for himself. Here am I; and I will live to serve my King and Country. Besides; have not they all the Q---n's Broad-Seal to keep their Heads on their Shoulders? Who did this, says a sawcy Peer, or Commoner? Why, it was *George on Horse-back*, says Mr. *Plenipo*; or *General*, or *Secretary*; or *what do you call it*; and Here you may see him, if you please, Sir, says he! and out he pulls him, from his Pocket. *George on Horse-back*! says some of the Grand-Jury: And why wou'd not you return *George on Horse-back* to the same Place from whence he came? Had not you Time to get out of the Way, before an Old rusty Fel-

low in *Max* cou'd run over you? And cou'd n't you have said, *B'y's*, *Leave, Sir*; and handsomely ha' giv'n him the slip? E'en suffer for it, since you were such a *Fool*: And so, Seize him *Jaylor*. This is a sad Story, *Mr. Dean*, and yet in spite of all my *Burgundy*, now before me, I cannot but imagine that these *Men of Max* had much better taken my Method, and e'en rode fairly out of this *Land of George on Horse-back*. And now, dear D—n, that this Subject has made me a little compos'd, is it not a damn'd confounded Thing that we should be so far bewitch'd, and swell'd with Success, as to Trust that faithless Fellow *H—y*? What malignity of Stars influenc'd us? What Furies presided at *St. James's*, that a Plot, so deeply laid, so well concerted, shou'd fail? That a Cause should miscarry, supported with the best Heads, truest Hearts, and most powerful Hands in the World! D—mn, eternally D—mn, that false Wretch, and our own stupid Credulity! How will *France* receive me? What shall I say at *Plombiers*? What Promises can I make? What Assurances can I now give? How can I propose Success, when the *English Army*, (nay, reform'd) the Civil Power secur'd; the Treasury all employ'd in our Service; and even *I my self in Post*; the D—r, *cum Socijs*, at my beck; all wou'd not do? In short, odious must we be render'd, through the tardy Knavery of one Rascal. Oh! had we found him out sooner; *July* had been as good for our Purpose, as *September*: But 'tis too late; and yet, dear *Dean*, despair not, *July* again is the Word, though the Difficulty is greater. I know this Letter is not fitted to your Taste; but consider my Fatigue, my Distraction. I wou'd desire you to pity me in this sad Place, but that I have been employ'd in Writing to my dear Friend, which is ever pleasant to me: Of have I done it on much more agreeable Subjects, and doubt not of having the Pleasure of doing it again. We are all Tories here in this Sea-Port. My *Valet* is just come in, and he tells me, that the *Canaille* cry the *Church of England* is in Danger, and that they will be all *Oliverians*, and *Presbyterians*, if the *Grand Monarch of Europe* won't immediately send out our young King. I don't doubt but the Cause will grow upon me, as I Travel towards the Court, where no Endeavours of mine shall be wanting, to encourage and maintain the Cause, and to oblige my Friends, particularly the D—n of *St. P—k's*;

Whose Humble Servant I am,

Whilst

*B-----ke.*

*F I N I S.*



